



Her favorite cat should wear her
And murmur little Maxie.

Canto 1.

Mark but that look of his
That half a smile, that half a grin
That speak the Eunuch-Soul within
His fable featured Phiz!

Canto 2.



Her favorite cat should wear her
And snarl like little Maria.

Canto 1.

Mark but that look of his
That half a smile, that half a grin
That speak the Eunuch-Soul within
His fable featured Phiz!

Canto 2.

K. Rubrick John
11630. c. 3
14

T H E

S P L E E N:

OR, THE
OFFSPRING OF FOLLY.

A

LYRI-COMI-TRAGIC TALE.
IN FOUR CANTOS.
CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

DEDICATED TO
G E O R G E C O L M A N, E S Q.
AUTHOR OF
THE SPLEEN, A COMIC PIECE,
PERFORMED WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

De te fabula narratur.

Fondly mistaking *Spleen* for *Wit*,
Still, tho short-winded, all his aim
To blow the sounding trump of Fame. *GREEN's Spleen.*

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. BEW, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXXVI.

И. Е. А. Д. С.

ант. яз.

OPENING OF FOLLY

А

ЛУЧИСКОМУ ТРАГИЧЕСКОМУ

ИСКУССТВУ САМОУЧИКИ

СУМОИ САМУРАЙСКОМУ

от автора

о ИАМЛОДАЯОЭ

СЛОВОТО ЯОНТЫХ

ЛОСАКЭ СМОДАИЛ 198 ЭНІ

СЛОВОТО ЯОНТЫХ

ЛОСАКЭ СМОДАИЛ 198 ЭНІ



TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

SIR,

AS you have done me the honour to make me the subject of your dramatic satire; in doing which, you have flown off in a direct tangent from the circle of science; you will excuse me, if, in returning the compliment, I have at any time, apparently deviated from the line of mathematical truth, in modelling the figures of poetical fiction. The force of metaphorical expressions is not to be estimated so precisely as the momentum of mechanic powers; and yet there may be as much veracity couched under the moral of an allegory as in the most demonstrable proposition of Euclid. Of this, at least, I am certain that my characters are as justly drawn and my allusions as apt and applicable as yours: Save and except,

indeed,

indeed, your incomparable parallels, which, at the same time as they preserve their parallelism, diverge, with a true poetical licence, like rays from a common centre*. Happy Oxonians, to whose superior privileges even lines and figures pay obsequious attention ! Congratulating you as one of the first of those highly-favoured geniuses, permit an humble *Cantab* to subscribe himself,

Under particular obligations,

Your unparalleled admirer,

JOHN RUBRICK.

* See the *Spleen, or Islington Spa.* Act I. Also the *London Review* for April last.

GENERAL ABSTRACT.

WIT and FOLLY beget the hero of the piece—The Genius of Britain disgusted at their preposterous union—SPLEEN adopts the embryo in the womb—Accompanies the mother to France and Italy—Our hero prematurely dropt on the road—Modern Italy apostrophized—FLORENCE, our hero's birth-place, apostrophized—Spleen, his mother's midwife, becomes his wet-nurse—Found incapable—A she-wolf proposed—Not to be got—Her substitute a tabby cat—How the boy thriv'd on cat's milk—Grew playful—Narrowly escaped being castrated—Is brought to England—Presented to his father WIT, by whom he is partly acknowledged.—Our hero sent to college—Shoots up apace under the auspices of his Sire—His growth stinted by his mother and nurse—Never learns to walk alone—Hangs about his chums—Grows thievish and sucks their brains—Turns poet and paragraph writer—Takes to puppet-shews, and goes apprentice to a player—Takes to stealing farces—The play-wright's an easy trade—Marries a stroler's strumpet—Turns manager—Stirs the green-room fire and sets the house a blazing.—Invocation to the muse—Woman the source of mischief—Actresses all Helens—Painted pussies—Our hero goes caterwauling—His wife grows jealous and dies of the hip—Reaumur's rabbit and hen—Our hero compared to a bantum capon—To Don Quixote falling foul of the puppets—To Punch, who kicks all before him—

He

He fines his players—Snatches old Macklin's bread and butter—Frightens his brother patentees—Is damn'd as a man-of-business—Puts metaphorically to sea—Is thrown over-board for a Jonas—His partners set sail and leave him—Apostrophizes the whale and dolphin—Is sav'd on the back of a sprat—Is seized with a quartan ague—Carried to Drury Hospital—Neglected—Dying of the Spleen—Is metamorphosed into a bat, and immortalized as the Emblem of Folly.

THE

WIT AND THE SPLEEN.

S P L E E N.

I N F O U R C A N T O S.

C A N T O I.

A R G U M E N T.

WIT and FOLLY beget the hero of the piece—The Genius of Britain disgusted at their preposterous union—SPLEEN adopts the embryo in the womb—Accompanies the mother to France and Italy—Our hero prematurely dropt on the road—Modern Italy apostrophized.

VI

I.

AS WIT with FOLLY, on a day,
Amus'd himself in amorous play,
As oft he did of yore;
So well the sport dame Folly lov'd,
That soon the teeming wanton prov'd
How late she had play'd the whore.

B

But

THE ISHPT L E E N.

II.

But what a misgot, mulish thing
Time from her pregnant womb might bring.
Was held awhile in doubt :
When, lo, at length, before its time,
In *Italy's* licentious clime,
The brat came sprawling out.

III.

For, tho', 'tis said, the bastard's lot
In *Britain's* clime to be begot,
The *Genius* of our isle,
Foreseeing of what little worth
Would prove the bantling, at its birth,
Thought 'twould the land defile.

IV.

Disgusted in a moody fit,
Against th' unnatural taste of *Wit*,
In fondling with the mother ;
He almost thought it was no sin
The worthless *embrio*, while within
The womb, in time, to smother.

When

T H E S P L E E N.

3

V.

When SPLEEN, with her obstetric aid,
Still following the midwife's trade,
Determin'd to adopt it;
Resolv'd to make its growth her charge,
And set the *souterkin* at large
Where'er the mother dropt it.

VI.

From *England* banish'd, strait through *France*
The pregnant day-mare took a dance;
Her hag still waiting on her;
Officious, as if ma'am had been
A *Swedish* or a *Danish Queen*,
And she her dame of honour.

VII.

But, aw'd by *Angleterre's Genie*,
Th' obsequious Gallic *bel-esprit*,
Soon gave them both a fweating,
" FOLLY," *dit il*, and then took snuff,
" In *France* has lain in oft enough
" Of fools, our own begetting...

B 2

" So

VIII.

" So, hence begone, mesdames, *morbleus!*
 " This be no littering place for you;
 " *Accouchez vous a Rome;*
 " In *Italy* alone you'll find
 " The characters that mark your kind,
 " *There FOLLY is at home.*

IX.

They wanted not the bidding twice;
 FOLLY is so attach'd to *vice*,
 When mask'd beneath *virtù*,
 That madame and her midwife SPLEEN,
 Together in their *voiturin*,
 Set off without ado.

X.

Beyond the Alps, beyond reproach;
 The ladies now set up their coach;
 When, from a sudden jolt,
 As once pope Joan (tho fince, 'tis said,
 The popes, tho cover'd, have not bred)
 The loose mare flipp'd her colt.

From

XI.

From parish thus to parish pass'd,
The beggar's brat is dropp'd at last;
(The simile must strike)
For, high or low, the rogue and whore,
Making the GRAND or *petty* tour,
In coach or cart, are like.

XII.

All hail! *Italia's* hated clime!
Where every meanness, every crime
That Nature can debase,
Where fly suspicion, foul distrust,
Malice, revenge and foulest lust
Pollute the human race.

XIII.

Detested soil! where rankly grows
Each vicious weed, the devil sows,
To modest Nature's sorrow;
'Till, swelling with avengeful ire,
Earth opens wide, and liquid fire*
Pours o'er this new *Gomorrah*,

Ev'n

* Alluding to the eruptions of Vesuvius.

XIV.

Ev'n Stanhope's self, who taught his son
 Dissimulation's race to run,
 And act the part of *Mask-all*,*
 Was in his morals yet so nice,
 He fear'd that, in thy sink of vice,
 He'd prove too great a rascal.†

XV.

I hail thee, as, in time of yore,
 Grim Satan hail'd the Stygian shore ;
 When, from Olympus hurl'd,
 He took (there ever doom'd to dwell)‡
 Possession of profoundest hell ;
 Greeting th' infernal world.§

* A character in Congreve's Double Dealer.

† Lord Chesterfield, whose latitudinarian principles respecting morals, are well known. He looked upon the vices of France as venial in comparison with those of Italy.

‡ Hail! Horrors! hail! and thou, profoundest Hell!
 Receive thy new possessor.

MILTON.

No

XVI.

No greeting with complacence sweet,
Where mutual gratulations meet;
But hatred and disgust.

I greet thee as the hell on earth,
That gave our bye-blow bantling birth,
Offspring of FOLLY's lust.

11 7 49

C A N T O.

二二四

and developed into a city of
about 100,000 people, mostly
English by birth (and
about 100,000 in 1850) long I
thought a good example of
the school of progress.

THE SPLEEN
S P L E E N.
IN FOUR CANTOS.

C A N T O . II.

A R G U M E N T.

FLORENCE, our hero's birth-place, apostrophized—**SPLEEN**, the mother's midwife, becomes his wet-nurse—Found incapable—A she-wolf proposed—Not to be obtained—her substitute, a tabby cat—How the boy thrived on cat's milk—Grew playful—Narrowly escaped being castrated—Is brought to England—Presented to his father, **WIT**; by whom he is partly acknowledged.

I.

SEVEN cities once, like fools, 'tis said,
For *Homier*, went to loggerhead;*
Each boasting him her own.
Less quarrelsome than those of *Greece*,
Italia's towns are all at peace;
Our bardling's birth-place known:

* *Viz.* Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, & Athens.

C.

Hail,

II.

Hail, FLORENCE! foul as thou art fair!
Thine was our Hero's native air;
Thanks to that midwife, SPLEEN!
Who now, to make the matter worse,
Resolves to be the bantling's *nurse*;
A woeful nurse, I ween!

III.

For ah! in vain the puny thing
Attempted nourishment to wring
From out her flabby udder:
For lank her long dugs, hanging down,
Seem'd as if suck'd by half the town;
Enough to make one shudder!

IV.

When FOLLY, fearing left her child,
For lack of bubbly; should be spoil'd,
Bethought her of the story,
How Romulus, with *Ree* his brother,
A she-wolf had, for foster-mother;
Whence sprung the Roman glory!*

The

* Romulus and Remus, the first of which was the founder of Rome, are said to have been suckled by a wolf.

THE SPLEEN.

IV.

The country search'd in vain around,
No new-milch wolf-dog could be found.
Alas, the sad disaster!
When SPLEEN proposed, as still more fitting,
Her tabby cat should wean her kitten,
And suckle little master.

VI.

This done, 'tis said, tho' strange to tell,
Cat's milk agreed with him so well
(Congenial humours meeting)
The puling thing began to *mew*,
And frisk and play, as kittens do,
Mamma and Midwife greeting.

VII.

HOLLY and SPLEEN, now saw, with joy,
Their scratching cat-o'barnet boy,
Its wet-nurse taking after.
So playful was the pretty fellow,
As e'en to rival *Punchinello*;
The *Macaroon* of laughter!

C 2.

They

* The nipple being better adapted in size to the aperture of the bear's mouth. HUNTER.

VIII.

They, therefore, thought it now high time
To change the country and the clime,
And hie for England, over.
Hence, tripping back again through France,
They struck up a cotillon dance,
And soon arrived at Dover.

IX.

Most opportune, the little ape,
Thus made his fortunate escape,
His dry-nurse, an *Italian*,
Having (to make him sing) begun
To work on *FOLLY*'s favourite son,
And spoil him for a *stallion*.*

.11V

Half-

* This extraordinary anecdote has but lately been communicated, by one of those useful motherly females, who officiated at his nativity. BATE.

This reverend annotator is mistaken, in supposing a plurality of gossips assembled at our hero's birth. He was born on *FOLLY*, and brought forth alone by *SPLEEN*; no other females attending.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERIUS, junr.

X.

Half-made, half-marr'd, the surgeons say,
The ridgil * thus was brought away.---
Mark but that look of his ;
That half a smile, that half a grin,
Speaking the *cunuch-soul* within,
His feeble - featur'd phiz ! †

XI.

At Britain's *Genius* spit her spite,
SPLEEN now maintain'd the *filial* right
Of this, her favourite kitling ;
Presented him to's father, WIT,
Who, in a gay, good-natur'd fit,
Half own'd th' *exotic* WITLING.

* A term given to an *imbecile* or natural *castrato*.

† Agreeable to the phrase " he looks as melancholy as a gibb'd cat." SCRIB.

10

and the first off. I am back about half
way to town now and I hope all
is well. Take care and I will
ring a bell when I get back.

二〇

On the 1st of May, 1861, the 1st Minnesota
Regiment, under command of Col. Wm. H.
Whittemore, left the city of St. Paul,
and, after a short stay at Fort Snelling,
arrived at the city of Fort Verde,
Arizona, on the 1st of June, 1861.

...and the human to human and animal disease /

12204 Was Middig a cycloidal alpinist? Clearly all the old records are inferior in accuracy. But the new ones are not much better.

M I D D L E M A T T O R Y.

S P L I E E N.

I N F O U R C A N T O S.

C A N T O III.

A R G U M E N T.

Our hero sent to college—Shoots up apace under the auspices of his Sire—His growth stinted by his mother and nurse—Never learns to walk alone—Hangs about his chums—Grows thievish, and sucks their brains—Turns poet and paragraph-writer—Takes to puppet-shews, and goes apprentice to a player—His Sire and the College disgusted—Put to the law and turned adrift—Takes to stealing farces—The playwright's an easy trade—Marries a stryler's strumpet—Turns shew-man and manager—Stirs the green-room fire and sets the house a blazing.

I.

TO Alma-Mater sent the boy,
A burnish'd, base, Bath-metal*, toy,
That, new, look'd bright and glossy;
But all that glitters is not gold;
Its lustre soil'd, thus, soon, behold
The trinket dull and drossy!

While

* Why Bath-metal? CRITICUS CAPTIOUS.
From Pulteney Earl of Bath, made a peer for his wit. Sir ROB. WALPOLE.
For the extraordinary obligations our hero lay under to this nobleman, he
gratefully made him, and his lady, the principal characters of his Jealous Wife.

BATE.

II.

While fondly fostered, it is true,
 Apace the ill-weed witling grew,
 To more than school-boy stature :
 When Mother FOLLY, midwife SPLEEN,
 And nurse's milk stepp'd in between ;
 And habit shrunk from Nature.

III.

Fantastic, feeble, fractious grown,
 And never taught to stand alone
 On every chum he hung :
 On Thornton now, and now on Lloyd *:
 Till, with the mewling kitling cloy'd,
 They curs'd him as he clung.

IV.

Tho, unsuspecting his intent,
 They never dreamt much harm he meant,
 Nor thought *cattivo* theivish ;
 Till fuck'd their brains, *au Connoisseur*.
 Bob, † careless, call'd his mother whore,
 And ‡ Bonnel, bit, grew peevish.

* Two friends and school-fellows of our hero. † Robert Lloyd, M. A.
 ‡ Bonnel Thornton, Esq.—It is well known that our hero, in conjunction with this celebrated writer, wrote, or rather compiled, a periodical paper entitled

V.

Discarded by his college chums,
Alone, he pick'd up a few crumbs,
For poetries, writ for cutlers ;
Wrote lying paragraphs for news,
And verses, so reduc'd his muse !
For chamber - maids and butlers.

entitled the *Connoisseur*, which was first published some years past at Oxford. The latter having written a number of this work which he particularly admired, requested his colleague to go post with it to Oxford, and to correct it with his own hand. On *Coley's* arrival, *Jackson* the printer informed him, that the publication must inevitably be stopt if he had not the copy in two hours at farthest. Here was an offer of *immortality* the poet could not forego ! He replied, that having been a *bon vivant* the preceding evening, he was but indifferently prepared for the task, yet if he would furnish him with a room, pen, ink and paper, he would see what could be done. Being accommodated to his wishes, he transcribed his friend *Thornton's* essay, and delivered it for the press in little more than an hour. *Jackson* was astonished at the *rapidity* of his genius ; and this identical paper making a considerable noise in the world at that time, the printer, as in duty bound, proclaimed the velocity of his author's fancy ; a circumstance which procured him that *merited* fame, he never after could be persuaded, or even forced to resign. *BATE.*

This anecdote is related, with some little difference of circumstance, in the last *London Review*.

PUFFER FOR THE LONDON REVIEWERS.

D

To

VI.

To *Flockton** flying next for aid,
Begging to learn the shew-man's trade,
Apprentic'd was our hero;
So Punch and Punch's wife, 'tis said,
And Scaramouch ran in his head,
And Harlequin and Pierrot.

VII.

At this disgusted, Wit, his fire,
And Alma-Mater both took fire,
And turn'd our 'Squire adrift;
For, having limb'd him to the law,
They thought, to make or mend a flaw,
He might have made a shift.

* For *Flockton*, read *GARRICK, meo periculo,*

MAR. SCRIB. Jun^r.

† This verb is inelegantly formed from the vulgar phraseology, calling every gentleman bred to the bar, a *limb* of the law.

BENTLEY.

Nay,

VIII.

Nay, so delighted with the child,
 On whom they fancied Genius smil'd,
 While yet the merest minor,
 To run for the professor's plate,
 They started him a candidate
 With *Blackstone* *versus** *Viner*†.

IX.

But humbled suddenly their pride
 By seeing, justly mortified,
 Ev'n chums black-ball their croney
 So have I seen outstrip the wind
 A racer fleet; left far behind
 A poor pretending poney.

D 2

At

* Our poet is plainly no lawyer, by his using *versus* here in the *classical* sense; our law-practitioners characteristically using *versus* for *adversus*.

QUIBLERIUS.

† The Vinerian professorship at Oxford; for which the hero of this poem had the modesty to offer himself a candidate against me.

BLACKSTONE.

XIV
X.

At lesser game, yet, still, they said,
He might successfully have play'd;
Poor creatures prosper daily.
In *Chanc'ry*, *King's-Bench*, *Common-Pleas*,
Although he might not pick up fees,
He might at the *Old-Bailey*.

XV

XI.

But, doom'd his fortunes still to marr,
The *stage* preferring to the *bar*,
And *pert* to *prudent* quibbling,
He only sigh'd for *Davy's** skill.
In managing the grey-goose quill,
To profit by *transcribbling*.

* *David Garrick*. A proof of the truth of our former conjecture, that *not* *Flockton*, but *Garrick*, was intended in the sixth stanza. Their being both of the same occupation, probably led to the mistake.

MAR. SCRIB. Jun:

Blest

IX

XII.

Blest times are these our modern days,
Abounding in forgotten plays,

Through time and chance neglected,
Give Managers a fellow-feeling,
Play-wrights may safely go on stealing,
And brave the being detected.

XIII.

How loud and long the town's horse-laugh
With Kelly, Foote and Bickerstaff,*

At a Joe Miller's jest;
E'en in the manner if they're caught,
How readily excus'd the fault!

"Old songs and jokes are best."

* Names celebrated in the theatrical world.

XIV.

Nay so it is, tho past belief,
False to themselves, the rogues rob thief;*

Safe if they make us merry.
Sure the loud clap, the noisy roar,
The clattering club, *encore, encore!*

And bravo Mr. Sherry;*

XV.

The drama's art so easy made,
So flourishing the shew-booth trade,
Our hero fond of self,
With eagerness to thrive the faster,
Projected setting up as master,
And scribbling for himself.

For,

* Like thieves too they 'peach each other; as appears from the following epigram:

On Bickerstaff's being employed by Garrick to detect the plagiarisms of Cumberland.

If foul the work, as fair the play,
The bard shou'd 'peach, who robs his brother
Blind Fielding, as the wisest way,
Thus sets one thief to catch another.

† Mr. Sheridan, author of the *Duenna*; a foolish farce that has already run almost fourscore nights, in one season.

XVI.

For, of some small success so vain,
A paper'd house † had turn'd his brain,
The little brain still left him.
When now, behold, to top her part,
A stroler's strumpet ‡ stole his heart
And quite of head bereft him.

† Not a house built of cards, or paper'd, instead of being wainscoted ; but a theatre filled with *written orders*, to prevent the success of good writers, support the dulness of bad ones, and enforce the villainous impositions of managers. On these occasions Justice Fielding's thief-takers and other ruffians, have been introduced by our Hero, and planted in every part of the house, to cram down his own crudities and damn the productions of others.—Were an author or actor, particularly if a manager, the greatest blockhead or scoundrel in nature, or even the most *unnatural* rascal imaginable, a papered house would have the *power* to protect him, and persuade the public his protection was due to their *candour*. ANONYMOUS.

‡ Our poet has here shamefully broken through that salutary, though ancient adage, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*. Rogues and whores should be held sacred while they are living, and canonized when they are dead.

BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

“ For,

IVX

XVII.

" For ah ! what pleasure is in life,
" And what's a man without a wife ?
" A mistress may cornute one."
Thus said, to church he blushing led
The bride; who soon well comb'd his head;
For ma'am was not a mute one.*

XVIII.

Now, wiv'd and wanting wealth to get,
A playhouse soon was to be lett ;
The devil so apt to lay,
Whene'er weak mortals feel within
Themselves dispos'd to any sin,
Temptation in their way.

* Hence the great affection taken by our Hero for the *Silent Wife* of Ben Johnson; whom he took to his bosom, but alas could do little with her. He offered her afterwards to the town; but having injured, in his attempt to debauch, her, she was universally neglected. She lies now in a bad way in Drury Hospital. HUNTER.

XIX.

Three novices,* alike dispos'd,
That for the purchase just had clos'd,
Wanting a manager;
As such the trio strait he join'd;
All puffing, as they raise the wind,
That he their fire should stir.

XX.

But, poking, like an *etourdi*,
Soon (such a man-of-business he)
The booth was set a blazing;
All in confusion, actors, singers,
Burn'd, some their feet and some their fingers:†
At which the town stood gazing!

* Messieurs Harris, Rutherford and Powel.

† The expression made use of by Colman, when he entered into the agreement, as peculiarly expressive of the business of manager. See "Colman's true State of the Case."

‡ In signing articles in favour of Colman, against the other proprietors; the effects of which have by many of them been but lately felt.

М И К Е Л А Й Н К И Г

四百三

卷之三

10

the first and only time I have ever seen a *Calidris* in the state, and I
have often been disappointed in finding it in the fields, which are
now covered with grain, and the birds have disappeared.

卷之三

10

THE
S P L E E N.
IN FOUR CANTOS.

C A N T O IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the muse—Woman the source of mischief—Actresses all Helens—Painted pusses—Our Hero goes caterwauling—His wife grows jealous and dies of the bip—Reaumur's rabbit and hen—Our Hero compared to a bantum capon—To Don Quixote falling foul of the puppets—To punch, who kicks all before him—He fines his players—Snatches old Macklin's bread and butter out of his mouth—Abuses play-wrights—Frightens his brother patentees—Is damn'd as a man-of-business—Puts metaphorically to sea—Is thrown overboard, for a Jonas—His partners set sail and leave him—Apostrophizes the whale and dolphin—Is sav'd on the back of a sprat—Is seized with a quartan ague—Carried to Drury Hospital—Neglected—Dying of the Spleen—Is changed into a bat, and immortalized as the emblem of Folly.

I.

S A Y, Muse, from whence such discord sprung.
Sing such a tale, as ne'er was sung,
By Homer or by Virgil---
What wast in ashes laid old Troy?
What is't, like woman, can destroy,
Whene'er she means to urge ill?

biguined

II.

Who was't, to damn mankind so civil,
 Familiar chatted with the devil;
 Forgetful of her duty?
 The first of *Helens*, Madam *Eve*;
 Who, if we Milton may believe,
 Surpassed them all in beauty.

III.

If so much mischief *one* could do,
 Still how much more might *Helens two*,
 And still more two and twenty;
 For, furbish'd up, behind the scenes,
 The slippery flirts all Trojan Queens;
 Of *Helens* he had plenty*.

* In love as in letters, each rival outvying,
 Not a queen of his train but he nightly was plying :
 Untouch'd the ripe fruit hung in clusters around,
 As his taste bade him relish, but * that on the ground;
 Nay how could a virgin with transports failure him,
 Since Nature design'd the ~~first~~ cut not to suit him?
 He feasted on beauties with rapture and ease,
 As an emmet possesses a huge Cheshire cheese.

BATE.

* His female connexions sufficiently elucidate this passage—
 † See note to Stanza X. Canto II.

BATE.

Berouge

IV.

Beroug'd, bepainted, and bedress'd,
In bibs and tuckers of *their* best,
The trappings of their calling,
No wonder that, attracted thus,
He after every painted *puff*,
Soon went a *cater-wauling*.

V.

So have I seen a bantum proud,
Strutting about and crowing loud,
A feather'd macaroni.
Mount this and that and t'other hem,
Each pecking him soon off agen,
Despising poor *Caponi* !

¶ Our poet, who rails so much at plagiaries, is here guilty of plagiarizing himself: this passage being evidently stolen from the following stanzas in KENRICK's Epistle to COLMAN:

By Nature form'd as ill for wars
Of Venus, as for those of Mars;
In both a recreant knight,
From one, like Paris, slunk away;
Hard labour yours in softer fray
To do your Helen right.

How then should you, behind the scenes,
E'er mollify contending queens,

And bring them to their duty?
Say, what can such a thing as you,
Between two fierce viragos do,
But stoop and kiss their shoe-tye.

In vain your feeble rage may burn,
Or kinder passions take their turn;

To you alike pernicious,
Whether by Lessley's frown you die
Or W—— white wench's coal black eye,
In extasy delicious.

Should my Lord B——e escape,
And baffled justice bring the rape
With harams into fashion,
You, then, indeed, with P——l's aid,
The green-room a seraglio made,
Might glut your amorous passion.

Just as I've seen on chimney-top
A lewd cock-sparrow, billing, hop,
Allur'd from hen to hen;
The fair disgusted one by one,
While he, no sooner off than on,
Was off as soon again.

Was ever a more flagrant piece of plagiarism! It is to be hoped our modern Dennis will do himself exemplary justice on this writer, in his London Review.

MAR. SCRIB. Junr.

And

VI.

And yet a hen, the learned say,
Will ev'n indulge in am'rous play
A rabbit fondly smitten.---*
Tell, then ye sages, tell us why,
E'en virgin-pullets should be shy
Of a *castrato* kitten.

VII.

Yet, hence at *home* the devil to do!
His household female jealous grew;
And jealousy's the devil.
But, luckily, to end the strife,
She died; which in a *Jealous Wife*,
It must be own'd, is civil.

* With a sight of this decent phenomenon, the conjunction copulative between a rabbit and a hen, the celebrated Reaumur used publickly to indulge the curiosity of the Parisian ladies: it being the *ton*, for some time, for all the virtuosi, male and female to flock to see this curious attempt at propagation. I say, *attempt*, because it does not appear that the pullet's eggs were fecundated.

HUNTER.

Partlet.

VIII.

Partlet, untrod, so takes the pip,
 And drooping gives the perch a trip,
 And leaves poor doodle-doo ;
 The scorn of all the cocker'd race,
 And with the fair, the foul disgrace
 Of all the cockrel crew.†

IX.

By FOLLY now to madness drove,
 To hate all turn'd our hero's love ;
 Like Quixote, in a rage,
 In spleenful mood, he curs'd and swore
 And call'd his puppets rogue and whore,
 And drove them off the stage.

† Again we catch our poet at plagiarising.

C—, a bantum bully rock

Calls K—, thus a dunghill cock ;
 While K—, crowing round the pit,
 Defies each hen-peck'd cockerel wit.
 But bate proud baw-cock, bate your rage,
 For pity's sake your ire affuage :
 Coley, poor cock-a-doodle-doo,
 Is, by no means a match for you.

TUNER.

The

X.

The scorn of wits, the dread of fools,
Despotic now the tyrant rules,
 Fearless of dire disaster;
Like mighty *Punch*, who in a huff,
Gives this a kick, and that a cuff,
 To shew he's lord and master.

XI.

To make his purse - proud actors feel,
He stints them of a daily meal
 Nor spares, (ungrateful sinner!)
E'en his old friend the man of *Ross*,
Who, when himself was at a loss,
 Oft gave him a good dinner*.

* Before our departed hero arrived to the height of his poetical consequence, his situation compelled him to be so troublesome to his acquaintance, that he was universally known by the appellation of the *Temple Leech*; Mr. Ross's table having always a knife and fork for him, there he was to be found at last, morning, noon and night. Soon after he became *manager*, Ross thought himself happy to engage with him, naturally expecting the turn of the scale in his favor for the civilities he had shewn him;---and so he had; for being confined with a fit of the gout and in consequence rendered incapable of playing a

XII.

Snatches old Macklin's bread and butter,
 Which made him make so damn'd a clutter,
 And blasted Kenrick's bays;*
 Sharing alone with bards as dull
 As he himself and Hoole and Hull;†
 The profit and the praise.

few nights, the *manager* ordered his treasurer to put him under stoppages: an instance scarce ever known before. Mr. *Ross* bore it with great temper, only desiring the treasurer, "to make his compliments to the *manager* and inform him, that the deduction was inconvenient enough at that time; but he was glad it did not take place a few years before, for if it had he and Mr. C---- would have been in want of many a good dinner."

BATE.

* A little, hypocritical, lying, cowardly rascal, to pick a man's pocket of a thousand pound, before he himself had fingered a farthing of the money! See the particulars of his rascality, on this occasion, in the preface to the fourth edition of my *Duelliſt*.

KENRICK. *Vivd vocē.*

† With these our managerial hero, it seems, went snacks; poor Hull, notwithstanding his Henry and Rosamond met with success, not receiving half the usual emoluments.

COVENT GARDEN CRICKET.

Congenial

XIII.

Congenial souls! to dullness deaf!
Smile on, when snarling critics sneer,
Or angry judges frown.
No matter what the wise ones think,
A nod's as good as is a wink
To that blind horse, the Town.

XIV.

The other patentees aghast,
Now stand and wonder how at last
Will end the mischief, brewing:
For lo, with all our hero's wit,
The empty benches of the pit
Threaten impending ruin!

XV.

While sole director of the scene,
This son of *Folly* and of *Spleen*,
Whom once they thought so clever,
Grew only more and more perplex'd;
Till, play'd the *man - of - business** next,
He damn'd himself for ever.

As

* A comedy so called, written by our hero and supported by his managerial arts to undergo the lingering torture of damnation for twelve nights together.

XVI

As mariners, amidst a storm, ~~hail to the king as I~~
Make vows, they mean not to perform, ~~when~~
So pious and so civil; ~~as though virgin to~~
Would give the *saints* their *sterling gold*, ~~in oak~~
Nay *consecrated candles hold* ~~boog as when A~~
For safety, to the *devil*. ~~you build with o~~

XVII.

In similar distress e'en so,
*Harris and Leake and Dagge and Co.**.
Each saint and devil implor'd;
Tied round the victim's neck a purse,
To make him sink, and, with a curse,
Threw Jonas overboard.

XVIII.

By vanity awhile upborne,
Light as a cork he laugh'd to scorn.
The hands, he saw the helm in;
Supposing that, for want of skill,
They'd make the ship soon shew her keel;
The wild waves all o'erwhelming,

10

But;

* His brother patentees, w. ,bells of ybancs A

XIX.

But, see at once the storm subside; long
Of public favour turn'd the tide, and bade
While, right before the wind,
The batter'd bark with swelling sail,
Urg'd forward by a prosperous gale,
Poor Jonas leaves behind*.

XX.

At this behold his courage fled,
His heart as heavy grows as lead,
And soon salt-water drinking,
His spirits shrink into his heels,
Down ducks his head and now he feels
His little body sinking.

XXI.

To Neptune, now, in dire despair,
And Venus he prefers his prayer,
With terrible devotion;
Each Nymph and Triton calls by name,
But neither Nymph nor Triton came
Nor Venus nor old Ocean.

* Alluding to the uncommon success of Covent Garden Theatre, after
I became deputy-manager. T. HULL.
Attracted

XXII.

Attracted by the dismal cry,
Around him flock the finny fry;
(To each held forth his hand.)
" Dolphins and whales," said he, " of yore,
" Have half-drown'd bards and prophets bore*
" Safe to the neighbouring strand.

XXIII.

" For pity's sake, then, lend your aid
" A poet I, by birth + and trade,
" Could once like Orpheus sing;
" Tho, cast away without my lyre,
" And tho the muses nine inspire,
" I now do no such thing!"

XXIV.

Then flow'd his tears, which seem'd to melt
To tendernes a soft-roed *smelt*,
Who yet its aid forbore;
When now, upon his friendly back,
A charitable *sprite*, alack!
Convey'd him to the shore.

Flat

* Alluding to Amphion and the prophet Jonas. † Poeta nascetur non fit.

XXV.

Flat as a flounder on the beach,
Sometime, he lay, depriv'd of speech,
Till seen the ship away go;
When envy, rage and grief, by turns,
Torment him, as he chills and burns,
Seiz'd with a quartan ague.

XXVI.

To th' hospital * of *Drury-Lane*,
Returning, now, in suppliant strain,
An object to be pitied!
He vow'd that all his future days,
He'd *Spatter†* play and puff and praise,
If once again admitted.

* The playhouse: so called from the charitable institution, lately established by act of parliament, for the support of decayed players; to which fund our debilitated hero lays claim on the strength of his appearance on the stage in the character of acting manager, in order to discharge Mr. Macklin.

MOUSE IN THE GREEN ROOM.

† A character, described by Mr. C, in the English Merchant, as the *doer* of a newspaper. "A fellow whose heart tongue and pen are equally scandalous."

But

XXVII.

But ah! his proffer'd puffs too late,
 His place supplied by parson *Bate*,
 That prince of playhouse puffers;
 Who gives the *ton* to half the town,
 Sets actors up and knocks them down,
 From kings to candle-snuffers.

XXVIII.

Garrick, enfeebled and decay'd,
 And glad, tho' poor, to leave off trade,
 With him is strong and clever;
 He swears 'tis all a lie that's told,
 About his growing fat and old;
 For he'll be young for ever.

XXIX.

The parson swears the *play'r* will see,
 When next he comes from Italy,
 The scheme, last time projected,*
 Of only entering on the scene
 To entertain the *king* and *queen*,
 With wish'd *eclat* effected.

Thus

* On his first return from Italy; when a terrible contest arose between Mr. G's avarice and his vanity: but, finding he could not gratify the latter, without making too great a sacrifice of the former, matters were, for that time accommodated.—The advocates for *managerial* sincerity, indeed, impute this

XXX.

Thus puff'd our hero's quondam tutor
No more would be his coadjutor,
But left poor *Epicoene**,
To shift, as it could best, alone;
While trembling, tottering, tumbling down,
It dying lay with *Spleen*.

XXXI.

To PHOEBUS, *Folly* now applies;
And, on her knees, with streaming eyes,
A piteous story tells.
Wisdom, she said, had got her *owl*;
And might not she with some such fowl
Bedeck her cap and bells.

project of playing only in the presence of royalty, to that sense of duty; which, they say, actuates the patentees of every Theatre-Royal. We, who know theatrical managers much better, know their manœuvres are not always directed by such motives of duty and loyalty. We ourselves have attended both Mr. G. and Mr. C. behind the scenes, for popular paragraphs, in ridicule of their royal master; written immediately after their having obsequiouly lighted him out of the theatre.

THE DOERS OF THE NEWS-PAPERS.

* Mr. Colman's last comedy, altered from Ben Johnson.

† Mr. C's last new comic piece.

G

" Oh !

XXXII.

" Oh ! change my fallen foundling's nature
 " Into some emblematic creature,
 " Any, except a cat ;"
 A smile *Apollo* strove to smother,
 And metamorphos'd, for the mother,
 Her son into a *Bat**.

* Here again we catch our poet at plagiarism. This metamorphosis is palpably stolen from the following prediction in his epitaph above-cited, written on his theatrical decease, by that exemplary divine and reverend poet Mr. Henry Bate.—Speaking of his flight to the celestial regions, his reverence prophetically suggests the same transformation.

Alas ! what affiants his march will oppose,
 Demanding their fragment each step that he goes ?
 If the notion prove right, which our schoolmen divine,
 That aloft none in robes that are borrowed can shine,
 When each has dismantled this daw of his feather,
 How the devil, unfledg'd, will he waft himself thither ;
 For fate will demand (in despite of pretences)
 A full expiation for all his offences ;
 Whose shafts, left the sophist with logic should parry,
 Minerva's sage bird his death-warrant shall carry.
 Winging down, by the breech at one pounce she will take him,
 And soaring aloft, high in air wildly shake him.
 When in penance thus comic, the culprit appears,
 What fallies of laughter shall run thro' the spheres !

Nay,

XXXIII.

All day, *perdu*, Lo! now he lies,
Domitian like, in wait for flies,
That cannot bear the light;
Haunting, like ghosts that love to glide
Through places where their honour died,
The *Play-House* every night!

11 7 19

Nay, as great folks love fun, one may venture the odds,
But Olympus will shake with the mirth of the gods.—
Thus in æther he'll swing the sole outcast of nature,
'Till some kind immortal, brim full of good nature,
Beholding the victim with pitiful eyes,
To a BAT shall transform him—*the tyrant of FLIES.*

O *Imitatores! Servum pecus.*MAR. SCRIB. Jun^r.

THE END.

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.LXX.22

THE EVIDENCE